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CELEBRATION

OF THE

Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary

OF THE

ENGLISH SETTLEMENT

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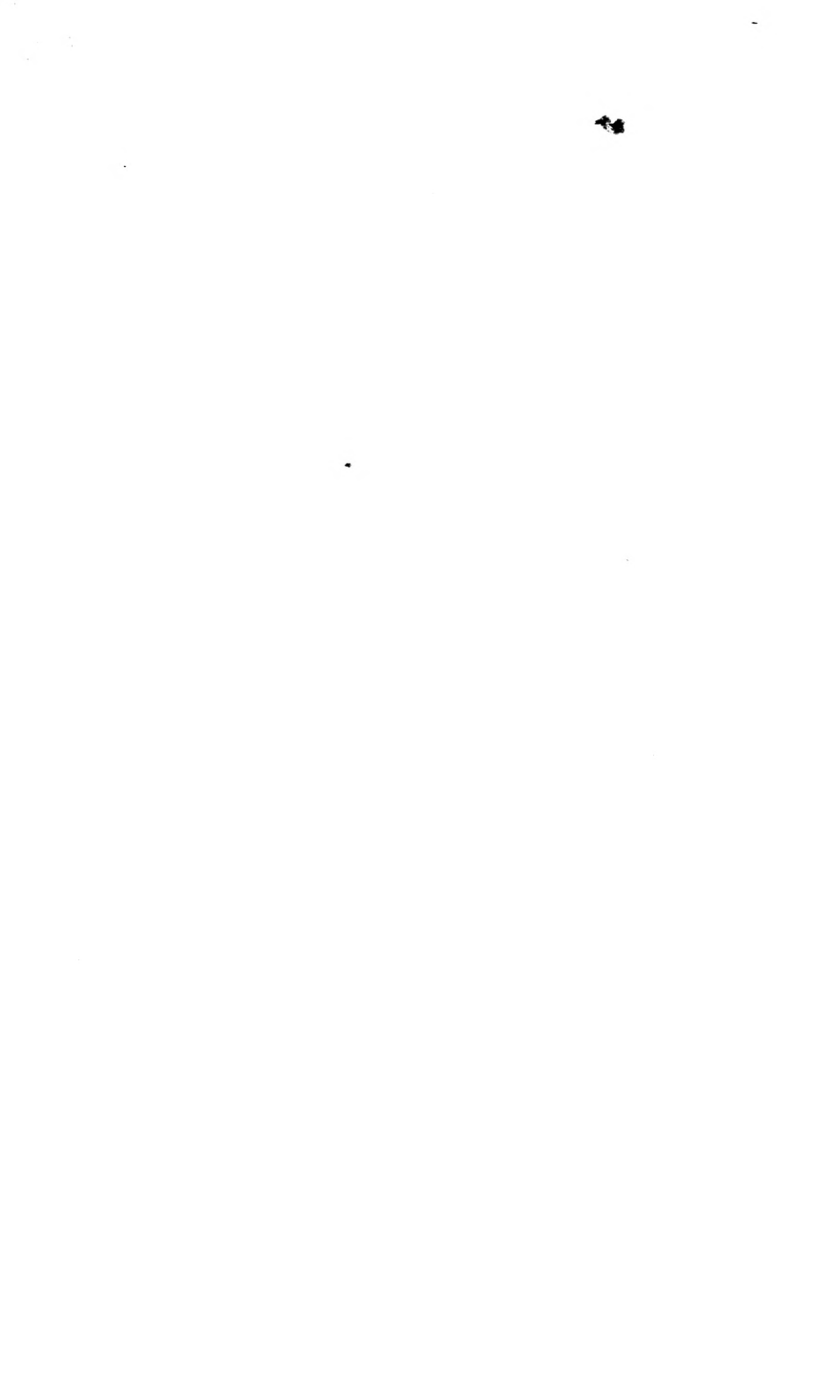
JAMESTOWN.

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1857.



CELEBRATION AT JAMESTOWN.

Report of the Proceedings of the Celebration of the Two Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the English Settlement at Jamestown.

The Jamestown Society of Washington City, an association consisting of Virginia gentlemen residing there, having determined to celebrate, at the site of Jamestown, the two hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of the settlement, invited Ex-President TYLER to deliver an Oration, and Mr. JAMES BARRON HOPE a Poem, on the occasion. The invitations were kindly accepted by those gentlemen. As the members of the Society resided two hundred and fifty miles from the site of Jamestown, and were strangers to its neighborhood, they could not and did not undertake to do more than charter a steamboat to convey themselves, and such as might join them at Washington and Alexandria, to the site of Jamestown, land and explore the ground, return to their boat, and there, in view of the site, celebrate the Anniversary by the delivery of the Oration and Poem. Public statements to this effect were made in answer to several communications from Virginia made to the Society after its purpose had become publicly known. At the same time it was stated that the Society would gladly co-operate in any arrangements which might be made in Virginia for having the celebration on the ground. In the execution of this purpose the Society chartered the steamer Powhatan. They also engaged music. It was not till within a few hours before the boat was to leave the wharf at Washington that it was ascertained that the engagement would not be fulfilled. Every effort was made, but without success, to remedy the disappointment. The Secretary of War kindly gave the Society an order on the commanding officer of Fortress Monroe; but on presenting the order, it was found that the music, which had been ordered thither from New York, had not yet arrived.

About 6 o'clock, P. M., of Monday, May 11th, 1857, the steamer Powhatan, with a company consisting of members of the Society and others, left Washington and arrived at the site of Jamestown about 9 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, the 13th following. Several steamers, from Norfolk and Richmond, were in the river with banners flying, &c. The company landed by means of a temporary wharf and scow, which the neighbors had provided, opposite to the fragments of the old church. Colonel WILLIAM F. PHILLIPS was appointed Marshal; and under his guidance the company moved in procession, a distance of about two miles, to a part of the island on which the military were encamped, and where it was understood a rostrum had been erected.

Lt. Colonel CARY, of the First Regiment of Virginia Volunteers, the officer having charge of the military arrangements, received the Society with distinguished courtesy, and extended to them every facility in his power. About 12 o'clock Ex-President TYLER arrived at the landing in the steamer Glen Cove, from Richmond, escorted by Mr. MONTAGUE, Chairman of the Committee of the Society, appointed for that purpose, was received at the landing by the whole Committee, and by them attended to the rostrum.

About one o'clock, P. M., PHILIP R. FENDALL, Esq., President of the Jamestown Society of Washington City, addressed the meeting as follows :

FELLOW-CITIZENS :

We have assembled to commemorate the two hundred and fiftieth Anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in North America. We are on the site of what once was Jamestown—pilgrims to the graves of our forefathers. Their heroism and constancy *here* planted the seeds of a mighty republic, now reaching from ocean to ocean, dispensing to millions the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and animating by its example the cause of human rights throughout the world. Auspicious to all mankind is the great event which we celebrate! Especially, deeply interesting is it to VIRGINIA, whose soil was its scene! On this day, and on this consecrated spot, you will hear from her gifted and honored son a fit recital of the most glorious theme in the annals of civilization.

On an occasion so suggestive as the present of gratitude to the Almighty Ruler of the Universe, it is proper that our exercise should be begun with prayer. Allow me to introduce to you the Rev. Mr. WILMER, of Williamsburg, who will address the throne of grace.

The Rev. GEORGE T. WILMER, then advanced in front of the stand and pronounced the following prayer :

Almighty God, Creator and Governor of all things visible and invisible, we beseech Thee graciously to hear us who are now assembled in Thy name and presence. May Thy spirit preside over the celebration of this day—impress all who are present with a due sense of their obligations unto Thee. Thou hast wonderfully preserved and prospered this people, when they were strangers in this land, but few in number, Thou didst help them, and didst show, that the race was not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong. Now, that they have become a powerful nation, grant them magnanimity equal to the fortitude which they displayed in the days of their weakness. May we ever remember that our forefathers brought here their holy religion, with their political institutions, and planted the vine of the Lord by the side of the pillars of the State. These both have grown together, to remain, as we trust, forever united. Teach us to worship and serve Thee, not only as the Lord of hosts, but also as the God of our eternal salvation; which we ask in the name of our Saviour Jesus Christ; to whom, with Thee and the Holy Ghost, be all honor and glory, world without end. Amen.

Ex-President TYLER was then introduced to the meeting, and pronounced the following Oration :

Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Jamestown Society :

I congratulate you on the success which has crowned your efforts. You have founded a society which I trust is destined to no early or premature decay. Virginia has been awakened by your summons, and her patriotic sons and daughters are here to greet you. It is fitting that it should be so. The memory of a glorious ancestry should be kept bright in the recollections of their posterity ; and their noble daring in the cause of civilization, and brave resolves in favor of freedom, should be recounted from generation to generation. Your society is designed to be the connecting link between the past and that mighty future which is yet to be. If there ever were men worthy to be held in remembrance, they were those who settled this now flourishing country, and incorporated with its very soil the principles of human right—what wonderful results have arisen from that event which we have met here to celebrate ? A small body of men planted on this spot the seed of a mighty empire. It sprung up, its growth at first sickly, and often near perishing, but finally it grew and flourished until at this day millions of the human family shelter under its branches, and its leaves are watered by the dews of two oceans. To me you have assigned the task of opening the records of the past, and of tracing the developments of this great adventure. I do no more than furnish brief sketches of the most prominent actors and acts which spread over centuries, and I shall do so without an effort to clothe them in a drapery which is either rhetorical or artificial.

The reign of Elizabeth had ended by her death in 1603. Her efforts to colonize America, under the lead of Sir Walter Raleigh, a name illustrious in history, had, after several adventures, disastrously failed, and the despondence consequent upon those failures had rendered almost torpid upon the subject the great mind of England. Fifteen years had elapsed, and no effort had been made to rekindle the enthusiasm which had characterized the antecedent period. A single voice was at last heard addressing itself to the nobles and gentry, and urging the vast importance to England and the world, of colonizing the country, which the Virgin Queen had called Virginia, and which embraced all the region lying between the 34th and 45th degrees of N. latitude with its unlimited and undefined western boundary. It was the voice of Bartholomew Gosnold. Some attention was given to his representations and urgent solicitations, yet the prospect of success was gloomy and rayless, until one, the report of whose heroic daring and bold adventures in other lands had preceded him, made his appearance in London, and united with Gosnold in urging the enterprise. That man was John Smith. Gosnold had visited the coast of Virginia more than once, and he doubtless failed not to speak of its beautiful scenery, its magnificent forests, and its fertile soil—Smith united in his person and bearing, grace, and refinement and policy and forethought, with a courage which no danger could appal, and a resolution which no difficulties could subdue. His broad experience in the active affairs of the world, and his

extraordinary faculty of extricating himself from situations of extreme peril, together with the romantic turn manifested by him from an early period of life, gave to his representations more than ordinary force, and designated him as one whose connexion with such an adventure, was of incalculable value; others soon united with Gosnold and Smith in urging the enterprise, and resorted to every legitimate argument to forward it. The devout and pious Christian was told that a new and more expanded theatre than had before presented itself, was opened to missionary labors. Before the capitalist, desirous of making a profitable investment of surplus capital, was spread out temptingly, the profits that would ultimately most surely arise from the investment—and to the patriot was represented the glory of extending the English name and language and dominion over regions of almost boundless extent. These arguments had the desired effect. A company was soon organized, at the head of which was placed Sir Thomas Smith, one of the able councillors of Elizabeth's time, and a charter duly granted by King James I., and on the 19th of December, 1606, two ships, the one of 100 tons, and the other of 40, and a pinnace of 20 tons, with their living freight, accompanied by the tears of some and the cheers of others, set sail from Blackwall for this *terra incognita*. And now they are afloat upon the wild waves of the Atlantic, those small ships and that little pinnace, surpassed in tonnage by the vessels that hourly pass and repass this spot upon some coasting voyage, or in the traffic of the bay and rivers—the adventurers in all, one hundred men—measured by the magnitude of the enterprise, and its dangers, how contemptible, small and inadequate do these means to meet it appear to have been. The hazards of the sea—a country of vast extent, inhabited by warlike tribes of a different race—a wilderness in which no ray of civilization was to be found—a new world to be reclaimed from its long night of barbarism and deep gloom, and that little fleet and those hundred men were to be the pioneers of such an enterprise! As if to mark “the madness of the hour,” there was at work amid a small number of those adventurers, a spirit of malevolence and ill-will directed against the man, who, if human agency could accomplish it, was ultimately to save them from starvation and death. What a commentary on the infirmity of poor human nature is exhibited in this fact. But good Master Hunt was with them to admonish and reprove, and there went forth at the rising and setting of the sun, over the wide waste of waters, the voice of prayer, lulling into repose the spirit of unwise contention and ascending to the throne of the Creator. Those prayers were heard, and when the little pinnace of 20 tons, “the captain being ignorant of the coast, and the mariners having lost their reckoning by three days,” was in the act of abandoning the voyage and returning to England, a tempest snatched her from the hands of captain and crew, and drove her upon her destined way within the capes,—and thus on this day two hundred and fifty years ago, those tempest-tost vessels swung quietly on their anchors in yonder stream, and that body of adventurers landed on this beach and prepared to make it the place of their abode.

The log cabin is built, its covering of reeds, and the fortification, made of logs and brush to guard against surprise from a savage foe, is hastily constructed. Now, after the lapse of centuries, we, their descendants and successors, come here to revisit their graves, and to tread the soil which is hallowed by their sufferings, and was often watered by their tears. What though all be now changed—what though in place of the unbroken forest, boundless fields covered with luxuriant crops everywhere abound? What though the fort and hastily constructed breast-work, and the red man to restrain whose assaults they were erected, have long since passed away? What though no trace of the city, reared by the hands of that “noble army of martyrs” in the cause of civilization, remains, save you broken steeple, and that small brick house beyond, which has been preserved by successive proprietors for plantation purposes, but whose vaults constituted the powder magazine of other days, and the prison house of Opechancanough, that most subtle chieftain of the Indian tribe? What though what was then a Peninsula is now changed into an Island by a stream, which as late as fifty years ago, was so narrow as to have presented no impediment in the way of free access to the land, but which is now broad and

deep enough to float either of the vessels that brought over the first emigrants; and what though the waters now cover a large portion of what in early days was firm land, on which numerous habitations stood? What if the inscriptions on the monuments erected over the dead be rendered illegible by time, and the monuments themselves be in fragments; yet is there a glory encircling those ruins, and arising from the earth on which those adventurers trod, which decay cannot reach, and which the lapse of centuries can only make more imposing. We are here to do them reverence, and in the silent homage of the heart to utter thanksgiving and praise to our Heavenly Parent for the great benefits which, under his good providence, their hardy and successful adventures have conferred upon us and upon the world.

I need not dwell upon the hazards encountered by the early settlers, or the narrow escapes of the colony from entire destruction. The red and white man stood face to face, and the last was regarded by the first as a daring intruder and a deadly enemy. The contest between them was a contest of life and death. Unlike the Indians of Peru, who approached the Spaniards with awe and reverence as superior beings, the Indians here looked upon the settlers with aversion, and made war upon them without loss of time. But a still more formidable enemy clung around and about them, and preyed upon their flesh and consumed the marrow of their bones. Hunger, gaunt and horrible, wasted them away, and brought on disease and death. In one year from the time of their landing, their numbers were reduced from 100 to 38, and they too would have perished but for timely supplies of corn, which Smith had procured by prosecuting a traffic full of danger with the Indians. Among those who perished was Bartholomew Gosnold, the originator of the expedition. We may be permitted to regret that he did not live long enough to see even the first glimmering of success in that adventure he had been the earliest to advocate. The fertile earth remained uncultivated except by the few, while the many passed their lives in idleness, and contributing nothing to the public stores, looked thither only for their daily bread. The charter which had been granted by King James to the company, required that the product of the united labor of the emigrants, should be brought into the public stores, and that each and all should draw their supplies from thence. For nearly five years was this provision enforced, and during that time, with the exception of the short period of Smith's administration, nought but evil ensued. It is difficult to conceive a state of things more propitious to the theory of Communism or Socialism, and yet the failure was most signal and awful. A productive soil invited cultivation, while rapidly diminishing stores admonished to industry and labor, and yet the large majority listlessly folded their arms in idleness and followed the example of the sluggard. In this they were encouraged by the censurable course of those who were in office over them. They kept the control over the supplies, and feasted sumptuously, while others had doled out to them a pint of damaged wheat or barley. As if to aggravate their sufferings, a fire consumed their dwellings in the depth of a severe winter, and left them exposed to the life-chilling blast. Smith's fortunate return from an exploring expedition, bringing supplies of corn, saved the poor remnant of the first settlers from perishing. How extraordinary and almost miraculous is often the influence exerted by one man over the conduct of others; all that was indolent in the natures of the colonists seemed to pass away upon his return—every one went steadily to work to repair the damages occasioned by the fire, and the town soon arose from its ashes. The church was substantially rebuilt, and better houses took the place of those destroyed. He had been denied his place in the council by the wretched men who had borne sway, but the spirit of the many was in open revolt—the bad rulers were expelled by the popular voice, and Smith installed in the Presidency; and this was the first instance of popular revolt against tyrannical misrule, which occurred in our annals. While the presidency was filled by Smith, to use the language of the historian, "peace was firmly established with all the people of Powhatan," the consequence of which was the introduction of plenty, and the removal of discontent; works of public utility progressed with rapidity, whilst the interior economy of the establishment was regulated by a spirit of discipline and integrity which promised the

most beneficial consequences. How rapidly was this condition of things altered upon his retiring from the presidency and returning to England; all fell again into disorder, and in a short time the numbers of the settlers which had been augmented to 500, were reduced to 60, and they half starved and miserable.

I need not remind you that these wretched survivors resolved to abandon the country, and under the command of Sir Thomas Gates and Sir George Somers, who had been wrecked on "the Bermudas" in the Sea Venture, which incident gave birth to Shakespeare's play of the Tempest, they bade, as they supposed, a final adieu to Virginia, where they had buried so many of their comrades, and where they themselves had experienced so much of suffering. But it was ordained by the higher power that this should not be. Every sail was set, and every heart was filled with joy at what was considered an escape from death, when Lord Delaware, with well appointed ships, more than three hundred emigrants, and abundant supplies, met them in the river, off Mulberry Island, and induced their return to Jamestown.

It deserves to be mentioned that Lord Delaware was the first who bore the title of Governor. He assumed a style of display but little suited to the condition of the colony. In a town whose buildings were covered with clap-boards and Indian mats, he maintained a state which would not have disgraced the sovereigns of England. Yet his rule was wise, energetic, and beneficial.

A morning of more promise was now to dawn upon the colony—a new charter had been granted by the King, and under Sir Thomas Dale, lands were assigned to each person who chose to cultivate them, and their profits inured to the industrious cultivator for his inclusive benefit under easy stipulations and conditions. William Spencer and Thomas Barrett, two of the original settlers, whose names are familiar to the inhabitants of this country at this day, were the first who went forth to cultivate the lands, and were speedily followed by others, and from that moment we hear no more of "the starving times," as the year succeeding Smith's departure for England had been universally termed. A profound peace prevailed with the aborigines who, for moderate wages, rendered the settler aid in clearing and cultivating his land. From this period the permanent existence of the colony may be dated. The dreams in which some had so freely indulged, of the precious metals, gave way to the safe and rational conclusion that substantial independence was to be acquired more readily by cultivating the land than by indulging in Utopian visions of mines of gold or mountains of precious stones. And now the woodman's axe awakened echoes in the dense forest, which had slumbered since the great flood. The humble, but comfortable dwelling-house, which was destined to become the seat of unbounded hospitality, arose on the shores of the rivers, and in the bosom of the wilderness new plantations and hundreds were established. Large donations were made of lands for the endowment of a college, proposed to be located at a new town called Henrico; and considerable gifts of money for the education and civilization of the savages were freely made; and emigration was invited by voluntary donations of fifty-acre freeholds to all who would settle and cultivate them. The effect of this wise regulation, together with the facility of acquiring larger tracts of land for moderate prices, soon made itself apparent in large additions to the population. In 1616, when Governor Dale returned to England, the population was less than 400. Six years afterwards it had increased to more than 4,000. One thousand arrived shortly after his return, bringing with them an abundant supply of provisions and all other necessities. It is true that no slight drawback to these important changes, in the policy of the company, existed in the substitution of martial law in place of those noble heritages which had been secured to every Englishman by the charter at Runnemeade—but during the excellent administration of Governor Dale, the arbitrary code was rarely ever enforced. Unhappily he was succeeded by Captain Argall, who had rendered considerable service by expelling the French from the Territory of Maine, which fell within the chartered limits of Virginia, and had caused the Dutch, who had settled at New York, to acknowledge the authority of the Virginia Company. His rule over the colony was tyrannical, and the authority, which was almost harmless in the hands of Governor Dale, became

an engine of despotism in his. He had, however, to deal with a people who could be better governed by leniency than by force; and a representation made to the company in London not only led to his recall, but to the recognition of the rights of the inhabitants as free-born Englishmen; and among others, their right to participate in the management of their own affairs. And now, on the 30th July, 1619, for the first time that such a thing had occurred on the American Continent, under a call from Governor Yeardley, there came up to Jamestown, from every town, hundred, and plantation, representatives of the people, elected by their free suffrages, to deliberate in a grand assembly with the Governor and council upon the affairs of the colony, and to assume those high functions and exercise those important rights of self-government, which, through all time thereafter their successors asserted and maintained. We may well imagine the proud emotions which swelled the bosoms of all at this important event; more especially may we conceive the intensity of delight with which an old settler observed each Burgess as he alighted at the door of the City Hotel to obtain accommodation for the night.

When the morning of the day on which the General Assembly was to meet arrived, and the *two bells* from yon old steeple summoned the inhabitants of Jamestown to prayer, how devoutly each and all returned their thanks to the supreme Ruler of the Universe, for the signal mercies he had manifested to them through all their trials. There was his Excellency the Governor, with his household, in the pew which Lord Delaware had caused to be neatly fitted up for himself and his successor. In another sat the honorable members of the privy council of State for the colony of Virginia, while the Burgesses were seen in the several pews with their old acquaintances of the city. The church, and all its interior workmanship, was built of cedar. Good Master Hunt no longer lived, but his place was worthily supplied, and the vaulted roof echoed with anthems of praise and thanksgiving. A people in miniature had, in twelve years, sprung into existence, and their representatives had come from plantations, some as distant as an hundred miles, to assist in deliberations affecting the public good. With what pleasure should I unfold to your view the journals of that assembly if they were within my reach; but they are not on this side of the Atlantic. I have been informed by an esteemed friend* that they have been seen in the State paper office at London, where doubtless they now are. From the same source I learn that the ancestor of Thomas Jefferson was a member of that *first* assembly, as his illustrious descendant was of the *last*, a century and a half later, which sat under foreign sway.

An accession of vast importance to the colony was soon after made. Without the smiles of woman, the wilderness would become more wild—the thorns and brambles of life more keen and piercing. With her, as man's companion, those thorns bear roses; those brambles are often turned into blessings. Some time before Ann Burruss had led Mr. Layden captive, and that lovely forest maiden, Pocahontas, the personification of romance, had stood before the hymeneal altar with Mr. John Rolfe; many of the wealthiest inhabitants had brought over their families; but still there was left a large number of bachelors, about whose homes no pleasant sound of woman's voice was heard. Sir Edwin Sandys, who had succeeded Sir Thomas Smith as Treasurer of the company, provided passage for 1,261 new emigrants, "among whom were ninety agreeable young women," poor, but respectable, who became wives to the planters, and gave permanence and strength to the colony.

The year 1619 witnessed also two other events of no slight importance to the country and to the human race. The first was the settlement of Plymouth, in what was called by the original charter North Virginia, of emigrants under authority of the Virginia company, which settlement, at an after day, was destined to play a conspicuous part in the great drama of politics, and whose present and future course is so intimately interwoven with the destiny of the proudest republic that the world has ever known, which its bravery and wisdom so greatly aided to establish—the second, the landing at this place of twenty negroes from Africa, from Dutch vessels. In the course of time the

* Hugh B. Grigsby, Esq.

shipping interests of Old England and New England entered actively into the trade, and all the then colonies became African slave marts. It was ascertained, however, after full experience, that the labor of the black man could only be profitably employed in a warm climate, and in a strictly speaking agricultural country. Hence the owners and proprietors of the colder, transferred to the warmer climate, a large majority of that class of laborers, and added vastly to their number by direct importations from Africa. Having by an export from their own soil, the process of more than a century, diminished the number still left among them to a comparative handful, they issued, after the power ascertained to them as States, edicts of emancipation, not, in most instances, in favor of slaves then in existence, but of an unborn offspring. Man every where is the creature of self-interest. That is the great prompter to action, and is the principle which originates activity and enterprise. It is that which carries the whale ship around the icebergs of the frozen ocean, and belts the world with a mercantile marine. Looking to the subject therefore as an isolated fact, I am far from complaining of the Northern States for having carried out that principle in regard either to the foreign or domestic slave trade. They sold, and our ancestors bought, and neither seller or buyer has just cause of complaint. Let the vendor and his descendants, however, consult at all times the principles of true honesty and of fair dealing. If the English or Northern merchant has sold to the Virginia merchant damaged goods at the price of sound, and at the time of sale represented them to be sound, let him not, because his own stock has become exhausted, proclaim the iniquity to the world, but rather for the sake of his own fair fame, hold his peace. This is due as well to the purchaser as to himself. The only amends he can make is to take back his damaged goods, and pay to the purchaser his purchase money with interest from the day of sale. In this way only can he strike a fair balance sheet. Nor will it do to urge that this would require more money than half the world contains. This is no answer. If the vendor cannot afford the payment, the purchaser cannot afford the loss. If one cannot do what is right, he should at least be silent. I know that these suggestions will have no influence over the conduct of England. She has her game to play, and she plays it in violation of all the comity which should exist among nations. Our colonial history is full of evidences of her disposition to deny to us the privilege of self-government. But it cannot be so with our sisters of this Union. Unless they will consent to become the mere organs of British opinion, and blot out all that is precious in their history, they will assert as well for their confederates as themselves the right of each State to regulate its domestic affairs according to its own views of policy and propriety, without interference from any quarter whatever. Virginia never had a mercantile marine of much moment, and it may well be doubted whether a Virginia ship ever did visit the coast of Africa for purposes of the slave trade. Our forefathers bought from those who had, and bought under perpetual protests through their general assemblies. Thus, under the decrees of all-wise Providence the domestic institutions of Virginia were made patriarchal in their character. And it deserves to be well considered by our sister States, whether they are not quite as much interested in preserving the existing condition of things as we ourselves. I go no farther. To do so would be to depart from the line marked out by the occasion which has brought us together.

We have hurriedly passed over twelve years of history. We have seen the colony struggling for existence, and saved from perishing by occurrences which bear the impress of Providential interposition. At one moment we have seen the settlers wasted by famine and disease from one hundred to thirty-eight; at another, from five hundred to sixty; and that small remnant afloat upon the waters, with all canvas spread, to leave forever a country which had been so fruitful of suffering and distress—and how providentially they were arrested by the arrival of a fleet with new emigrants and abundant supplies. We have seen communism give place to separate proprietorship, and from that moment we have noted the happy change in the condition of things—the settlement of numerous farms and plantations, and great accessions, by emigration, to the number of the settlers. The General Assembly has also, for the first time, been

convened, and an organized government put into operation. Tobacco had already become the staple of Virginia, and constituted the basis of domestic traffic and commercial exchange. Notwithstanding the efforts made in England to discontinue its culture, James I. having employed his own pen to write it down, its culture was extended and the demand for it rapidly increased. It was hoped that the raising of silk would be found to supersede it, and accordingly every inducement was held out for its production. For a season many planters adopted it—one is said to have planted and had growing seventy thousand mulberry trees, and King Charles I. afterwards appeared at court dressed in a full suit of Virginia silk. But bounties, nor threats, nor rewards, could sustain it in its competition with a weed, the use of which was becoming daily more extensively in demand in the markets of the world. Tobacco, through foreign exchanges, lay at the foundation of most of the comforts, and all the luxuries of the inhabitants; and when, as was the case shortly afterwards, houses of inspection were established, the certificates of deposit at those houses, called tobacco-notes, became the standard of value, and the circulating medium of the country—a greatly better one than we have often seen in our day. It would seem, sometimes, as if its production had been regulated by the same principles, and for the same purposes, which govern in the case of the banking institutions of the present day. Whenever the quantity of tobacco grown became excessive, the ensuing year witnessed a curtailment of the production; and sometimes, when the article had depreciated very much in value, so as to leave in fact no profit, the culture for the ensuing year was entirely prohibited. Thus the law of supply and demand, which more or less enters into all the traffic of life, was consulted with more than ordinary care in the article of tobacco. I cannot avoid mentioning in this connection, that Smollett, in his continuation of Hume, declares tobacco to have been the chief foundation in Europe, of the public credit of these States in their revolutionary contest. Jamestown had become a place of note, and ships from many countries came hither to obtain their supplies of tobacco and other articles, bringing in exchange foreign productions. Many of the inhabitants had been educated at Oxford or Cambridge, and claimed descent and close alliance with the oldest Peers of England. One is almost surprised, in looking over the list of emigrants, to find that up to 1620, there were among the number thirty-four noblemen, of the highest and most ancient families of the English Peerage, and one hundred and twenty-eight Knights Baronet and three Ladies, distinguished in their day for their elegance and accomplishments—Mary, Countess of Shrewsbury; Lady Grey, and the Lady Conway. When to this is superadded the fact that very many of the other emigrants were persons of wealth, cultivation and refinement, and familiar with science in all her departments, it is not going too far to say that the society of Jamestown, at that early day, might enter into a legitimate comparison with that of our more populous cities of the present. Philosophy wove her wreath of oak, and the brow of poetry was encircled by its wreath of laurel. At a period somewhat later, this was manifested in the publication of a translation, by George Sandys, who was Treasurer of the Colony, of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* and a part of *Æneid*, whom Dryden pronounced the best versifier of the age, and Pope, in his notes to the *Iliad*, declared that English poetry owed much of its beauty to his translations. He has left, also, a collection of Psalms, which the poet Montgomery has more recently pronounced the most poetical in the English language. I cannot avoid repeating his dedication of his work to Charles I.: "I had hoped," he says, "to present His Majesty with a rich and well-peopled kingdom; but as things have turned out, I have been only able to bring from thence myself and this composition, which needeth more than a single denization. For it is doubly a stranger, being sprung from an ancient Roman stock, and bred up in the New World, of the rudeness of which it could but partake, especially as it was produced amid wars and tumults instead of under the kindly and peaceful influence of the muses." I know of the existence of but one copy of this work in this country, and that is in the valuable library of a private and highly intellectual citizen of Norfolk.*

* Hugh B. Grigsby, Esq.

One of the controlling reasons which had led many to unite in the formation of the London Company, was the generous and praiseworthy object, to spread the truths of the Christian religion over benighted regions through the conversion of the aborigines of America. For this purpose a Professorship had been established in the College founded at Henrico, and large contributions had been made towards its endowment by the company and by individuals. Many Indian children attended for the purpose of instruction; and the inhabitants on their farms united in their efforts by offices of kindness to the Indians, who were admitted freely to companionship in their houses, to turn them from their idols; but neither the lectures of the learned Professors, or the admonitions of the planters, had any other than a partial effect. Their idol *Ogee* was still the object of their worship, and the burial-places of their tribes their only temples—and such has been the character of that strange and doomed race to the present day. Occasionally and rarely was any convert made. Pocahontas was a christian in feeling and conduct before the Bible had been opened to her, and she therefore found in its teachings a congeniality with her mind and heart, and readily imbibed them. Such, too, I doubt not, was the nature of Chanco, a convert, who resided with Richard Pace. To that single convert is to be ascribed the salvation of the colony from utter annihilation in 1622—and the benefit thus rendered by him to the cause of Christianity and civilization was beyond all price. I need not recount the incidents which preceded the terrible 22d of March of that year. The colonists reposed in a state of fancied but profound security. Peace had existed for some time, and the savages were admitted freely into their dwellings. Powhatan had died four years before, and had been succeeded in actual power by Opechancanough. He saw the country of his fathers overrun and settled by the white race, and resolved upon their destruction. Never was duplicity more perfect, or stratagem more profound, than that resorted to by this wily chief. For two years he was engaged in arranging and systematizing his plans. No man ever evinced in higher degree the power of combination. He had to bring into his views seventy different tribes, and to order the movement of each, that the blow should be struck every where, not only on the same day, but at the same hour—and yet all was silent as the grave, and no word or act betrayed the dark secret. It was after night-fall of the 21st of March, at an hour too late to save all, that Chanco, who had been ordered to kill Pace, his benefactor, and whose hand revolted from the deed, communicated to Pace the horrible conspiracy. Filled with alarm, and terrified at the startling disclosure, Pace hastened to Jamestown, which he reached in time to save, and to enable the authorities to put on their guard many of the settlements and plantations—and so the missionary had his labors rewarded in the security from destruction of two thousand five hundred Christian people. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence, and yet how full of beauty and wisdom!

The contest between privilege and prerogative, had its commencement in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; she had most unwisely granted monopolies in every branch of industry. The consequence was a greatly augmented price for all the necessities of life. The spirit of determined resistance blazed out on the part of the people, and was reflected by Parliament. That sagacious Queen, however, came readily to the conclusion that the only way to quiet the discontent, was by acquiescence in the wishes of her subjects; and, in her speech to Parliament, she thanked them for the care of the public interest, and gave her approval to what they had done. Her popularity was greatly increased by this course, and her reign terminated amid the regrets of all. But she was succeeded by James I., who was a bigoted believer in the divine right of kings, and who stretched his prerogative to its greatest tension. A pedagogue and a tyrant, he was the opposite in all things to his illustrious predecessor. Without the possession of a single statesman-like trait, he fancied himself competent to regulate the affairs of the Colony. The Company resisted his efforts at interference with a proper spirit, and resolved to build up in Virginia a fabric of government resting on the basis of popular rights. They, therefore, proceeded to draw up for Virginia a frame of government, which, considering that the doctrines of popular sovereignty were then in their infancy, may be regarded

as having no parallel in the previous history of the world. I can only glance at it. A General Assembly was directed to be annually holden, based on the principle of free suffrage; which, with the Governor and Council, should have united sway over the affairs of the Colony; every thing to be decided by a majority vote. The trial by jury was ordained and established, and other provisions incorporated of much importance.* The very excesses into which James and his successor ran, and the bitter contests in which they were perpetually engaged with their Parliaments and people, caused a rapid growth of free principles in England; which, finding a reflex in the London Company, caused to flow into the colony an increased stream of emigration, bearing upon its waves the same principles, which found a congenial home in the untamed wilderness. This was fully manifested in the enactments and resolutions of the General Assembly, which met at Jamestown in 1621. A brief review of the incidents which preceded the call of that assembly, may not prove uninteresting.

A contest had sprung up between the king and the company in London, in which at first the king manifested a mild and forbearing spirit, seeking thereby to accomplish his object, which was, a surrender of the charter. But the company pursued its own course irrespective of the wish as of the sovereign. The king, therefore, asked an unconditional surrender of the charter, which being indignantly refused, he resolved upon its abrogation, and ordered his Attorney General to adopt the proceeding by *quo warranto* for that purpose; and it suffices to say, that he found fit instruments for the exercise of his tyranny in a tame and servile court, who, against justice, and in the absence of all accredited precedent, rendered a decree in accordance with his determination. While those things were transpiring in London the public mind of Virginia had become exceedingly agitated. The colonists apprehended from the arbitrary character of the sovereign, the investiture of his vicergerent here with unlimited power and despotic sway. Under these circumstances, Sir Francis Wyatt, who had conducted himself admirably in his high office of Governor, under the company's appointment, convoked the General Assembly, which meeting, in March, 1624, has rendered itself forever memorable by the character of its proceedings. It boldly asserted principles which sixty-four years afterwards paved the way to the overthrow of the Stuart dynasty, and in less than a century later, dis severed the connexion between this country and England. It is fitting that on this day, when we are here to commemorate the deeds of a glorious ancestry, we should read from the journals of that Assembly, their high resolves, and hold them up for the admiration of the world. Remember that Virginia contained at that time but a few thousand inhabitants, and yet she dared proclaim to the parent country and its monarch that, no matter how the dispute between the king and the company might eventuate, "the Governor shall not lay any taxes or impositions upon the colony, their lands or commodities, otherwise than by authority of the General Assembly, to be levied and employed as the said Assembly may appoint;" and "that he should not withdraw the inhabitants from their private labors to any service of his own, under any color whatever." It was for a violation of these great principles, that Charles I. lost his head, and that James II. forfeited his kingdom. It was for their violation that George III. lost from his crown, studded as it was with precious gems, the most brilliant of them all. These proceedings which, in the language of Hume, asserted for each man "a fundamental property in his goods, and a fundamental liberty in his person," constitute the principles of what is called the Petition of Right, and were adopted four years in advance of that great measure by the British Parliament. To show the value placed upon the proceeding when adopted by the Parliament, I read from Macaulay's history a few sentences:

"The king ratified in the most solemn manner that celebrated law which is known as the Petition of Right, and which is the second great charter of the liberties of England." "The day on which the royal sanction after many delays was solemnly given to this great Act, was a day of joy and hope. The Commons

* From this has been derived the forms of government which have been adopted by each of the States composing this Union; the Senate being substituted for the Council, and formed into a separate house; and the Governor being at the head of the Executive, which is formed into a department of itself.

who crowded the bar of the House of Lords, broke forth into loud acclamations as soon as the clerk had pronounced the ancient form of words, by which our princes have, through many ages, signified their assent to the wishes of the estates of the realm. Those acclamations were re-echoed by the voice of the capital, and of the nation."

And yet, four years before, this colony had adopted, in substance, the same Petition of Right, and the tidings of what it had done were speedily waited over the broad water to England. This is enough of itself to hallow this spot, and to account for this large assemblage. The house in which that General Assembly held its session, and from which went forth these edicts in favor of the rights of man, has long since ceased to exist. We may even tread on the dust of its rafters; but history has recorded on her indestructible tablets those brave resolves, and we have received them as our birthright. "To lose them, or to give them away, were such perdition as nothing else could match."

The same principles, in nearly the same words, were re-enacted in 1631, during the Governorship of Sir J. Hervey, who, for a time, nearly engrossed all power to himself, leaving to the Council and General Assembly, but the mere shadow of authority. The Assembly had forborne an active interference, until forbearance had ceased to be a virtue; but in March, 1631, their resolution was taken to abide any issue, sooner than permit their privileges to be taken from them. The royal Governor yielded to the outburst of popular feeling, and endorsed, by his approval of the resolutions of the Assembly, the opposition which his tyranny had evoked. But the tyrannical Pro-consul only compromised for a moment. Following the example of Charles I. in regard to the Petition of Right, he sought only to readjust himself in his seat, and await the passing away of the storm, in order to reassert his former authority; but in this, like his royal master, he courted his own fate. He was not only resisted, but finally evicted from the Governorship, and sent, in the custody of two members of the Assembly, to England. Thus was a revolution effected without bloodshed, or any serious disturbance. At that early day, a wholesome lesson was taught to public agents; and the colony might well have blazoned forth the proud motto of Virginia of this day, of "*sic semper tyrannis*." Charles I. might have deduced from the fate of his viceroy at Jamestown, the bloody atonement which he made in his own person a few years later. But instead of profiting by the example, he restored Hervey to the Governorship, and treated the Delegates with contumely. Fortunately, however, matters had taken such a course in England as to induce him to displace Hervey, and to send out, as his deputy, in 1642, Sir William Berkeley, whose name has become identified with the most important epoch in our history save that of the revolution.

Thus have we hurriedly traced the motives which actuated the colonists, from their first settlement, to 1642. We have seen them always prompt and decided in the assertion of their privileges, and claiming, at all times, the indefeasible right of laying and imposing taxes through their Grand Assemblies. The inhabitants may, therefore, be justly said to have been reared under the influence of the London company, in a knowledge of free principles. In their assertion they were always in advance of the parent country; and if at any time they have seemed to slumber over them, it was but the slumber of the infant Hercules, to be followed by a vigorous grasp of the tyranny which had coiled itself around them. Their determination to maintain their rights and privileges became more manifest in their subsequent history, and was, in no instance, more conspicuously exhibited than on the arrival of Cromwell's Commissioners in 1651. The resolution seems to have been adopted to make the change in the government of England the occasion for a full and complete recognition of their rights. To this, may reasonably be attributed the delay in recognizing the Commonwealth; and hence their co-operation in the defence of Jamestown against the fleet and forces of the Protector. These were busy, and stirring, and anxious times in the good city of Jamestown. In one direction were deliberating the members of the House of Burgesses, in another the Council, and in some contiguous palace was the Governor—each engaged in profound reflection on the condition of public affairs. On the waters of that river floated a formidable fleet, with a considerable body of land forces, to ex-

act the obedience which had been wisely withheld. Moored close in to the shore were certain Dutch ships, who, in violation of recent laws, had visited Virginia for purposes of trade, with batteries mounted on their decks, to aid in the defence of the city; and at yonder bend in the shore, was a fortification of some pretensions, the traces of which may still be discernible, ready to open its guns in case of need. At length boats with white flags are seen passing from the shore to the fleet, and from the fleet to the shore. A regular negotiation is on foot between the parties, which terminates to the satisfaction of both. By the Commissioners it was stipulated on behalf of the Commonwealth of England, that "the trade of Virginia shall be as free as that of the people of England do enjoy, to all places, and with all nations, according to the laws of the Commonwealth. That Virginia shall be free from all taxes, customs, and impositions whatever, without the consent of the Grand Assembly, so that neither ports or castles be erected, or garrisons maintained without their consent." By another article, the fifty-acre freeholds were preserved for actual settlers; and upon the signing of these stipulations, along with others the colony was transferred to the Commonwealth. Thus was entered into and consummated a contract, which bears upon its face more the appearance of a treaty between two independent nations, than between a powerful mother country and a dependent colony. The contract thus entered into was faithfully observed. While the navigation laws, shortly after passed by the Parliament, drew no distinction between the shipping of England and the colonies, yet the provision which restricted the colonial trade to British or colonial vessels, and to British ports, was never recognized or enforced in Virginia during the Protectorate. The General Assembly elected their own Governors, and consulted their own views of the interests of the colony. In all respects there prevailed contentment and happiness. It is difficult to believe, notwithstanding the opinions constantly advanced upon the subject, that there was really entertained by the great body of the people any repugnance to the Commonwealth. Such was felt by Governor Berkeley undoubtedly, and may have been by a majority of the Council; but that such was the case on the part of the General Assembly and their constituents, would seem to be contradicted by after events. Bennet, one of Cromwell's Commissioners, was immediately elected Governor, to continue as such until the pleasure of the Protector and his Council should be made known; and Claiborne, another of the Commissioners was appointed Secretary of State; and immediately after the death of Oliver Cromwell, his son Richard was acknowledged as the Lord Protector. While on the one hand, the civil wars and the final execution of Charles I., had induced a large emigration of cavaliers to Virginia, the tide of emigration was greatly swollen by others, whose motives were essentially different. It is observable, that the great majority came over with a view to avail themselves of the gratuity of the fifty-acre freeholds, while many with abundant means sought to make investments in large bodies of lands, as homes for themselves and their descendants; and the whole course of history bears witness to the fact that they were the advocates of principles diametrically antagonized to those espoused by the Stuarts. While they thought their Assemblies were advocating zealously and strenuously the rights of the people, the Stuarts were bigoted supporters of the broadest prerogative, and Charles I. was, under the influence of his chief Councillor, Wentworth, aiming at *thorough*—the meaning of which was despotic and consolidated sway in the person of the king. While the colonists insisted on annual Assemblies, Charles sought to rule without a Parliament, and for twenty years abstained from calling one. It is also observable, that the small proprietors usually rallied to leaders, either of their own choosing, or such as approximated to their own condition in life. Such was the case in the Bacon rebellion, and such, also, occurred in 1765, when Patrick Henry offered his celebrated resolutions. I have it from one who was familiar with the occurrences of that day, that the designation of parties which immediately sprung up, and the first known in Virginia history, was of "the old-field nags, and the high-blooded colts." The first being the warm supporters of Mr. Henry and his resolutions—the last, the opponents of both.

It is worthy of note, that while the General Assembly is engaged in stipula-

ting for freedom of trade and exemption from imports or taxes, it at the same time exacts a stipulation against the erection of forts or castles, or the maintenance of garrisons, without its express assent—a provision which was in its most essential point incorporated in the Constitution of the United States under the reservation of the right of soil on which the fort is proposed by Congress to be erected, and of which the State cannot be deprived but by its own consent. The policy which dictated this provision in the compact of 1651, and in the Constitution of 1789, was similar in some respects, and dissimilar in others. While in both instances it sought to guard against arbitrary action on the part of a stronger power, and arose from that spirit of jealousy which is the guardian genius of liberty; yet the provision of 1651 had in view still further objects. It had been the policy of the ruling power in England, by the erection of forts at several points where towns were laid off, to force the trade into these towns and thereby to render them thriving and prosperous. This was a course of great annoyance and expense to the landholders who resided at a distance from these proposed towns, and had called forth frequent and strong remonstrances. They failed not, therefore, to exact the stipulation against the recurrence of that policy in future. Villages, numerous and flourishing, sprung up in various directions under the concentration of trade produced by the Tobacco inspections at various points, but they grew up under a system which was necessary in itself, and unforced in its results. A system which gave way before the introduction of the wheat-eradle, which converted the small *patches of wheat* then cultivated into large and extensive fields—waving with the golden harvest. The inspection laws no longer availed; the concentration of trade and the villages at the same time ceased to exist—each landholder shipping his produce from his own landing; and Tobacco ultimately retreated from the tide-water region, and found its home in the Piedmont district. A village opposite to this, called Cobham, once a place of trade and of note, is a true type of others, and there it is, depopulated and in ruins. The attachments of the inhabitants of Virginia have been, through all time, to the country where each landholder is an independent sovereign, ruling with a mild and patriarchal sway; where he practises all the rights of hospitality—lives in the cultivation of the social virtues, and partakes in but few instances of the vices to be found in the great thoroughfares of commerce. To argue the want of prosperity because of the absence of large cities, betrays short sightedness and folly.

With the death of Oliver Cromwell, the Commonwealth of England may be considered as having passed away. The reins of government fell quietly from the hands of his feeble successor, and Charles II., without civil commotion, was restored to the throne of his ancestors; and Sir William Berkeley, who had been previously elected Governor by the General Assembly, was, soon after the restoration, commissioned by the king. It was fairly to be inferred that Charles, who had seen his father perish on the scaffold, and had himself been reared in the school of adversity, would profit by the terrible past, and England, worn out by civil broil, hailed the restoration with unfeigned delight. So, also, was it with the colony. Doubtless the hope was indulged, that the navigation laws of Cromwell's time would continue imperative, which, added to the restoration of Sir William Berkeley, who openly advocated free trade, gave universal satisfaction. The proceedings, therefore, which were adopted by the public authorities in Virginia may more rationally be ascribed to the reasons I have stated, aided by a desire to conciliate the court at London than to any inordinate attachment to the house of the Stuarts. In the excess of this feeling, the Assembly made concessions that nothing can justify, and which they had cause seriously to regret. They parted with the great restraining power of annual taxation, giving to the Governor the right to impose them for three years. It is difficult to excuse the course of adulation which the Assembly manifested in their proceedings. It has been calculated to impress a false character upon the colony that never did belong to it, and which is contradicted by all its previous and subsequent history. There is enough in the history of the times to show that the great body of the inhabitants differed essentially from their representatives. The private dissatisfaction repeatedly manifested itself in contumelious expressions; and the severe punishments visited by the Governor and Coun-

oil on the offenders, proves very clearly that they esteemed such course necessary to restrain others.

It was soon evident that Virginia had become, by reason of the restoration, both at home and abroad, the victim of calamitous misrule. The navigation laws were very soon enforced in regard to her by all who chose to engage in it. The free trade which had been profitably carried on, was placed under monopoly. Forts were built, against the general wishes, as repeatedly expressed, without any good reason. Immense grants of land were made to court favorites, which often embraced the estates of the small freeholders; grants, in some instances, so large that powerful States have grown out of them; and, as if to overshadow all other usurpations, the despotic power of imposing taxes on the export and import trade, was claimed and exercised by the king. In short, every stipulation of much value, which had been conceded by the Commonwealth, was abrogated by the restored monarch. Discontent had manifested itself in localities and particular neighborhoods, which would inevitably have become general, but a new and more urgent evil presented itself, and, for the time, engrossed the minds of men. The inroads of the Indians, which had become frequent and even marked by extreme barbarity, called for immediate measures of redress. Sir William Berkeley, in 1674, seemed for a moment to have been aroused by the exigencies of the case, and ordered a well-appointed body of men under Sir H. Chicheley, to drive them from the frontiers, but without any apparent cause or change in the condition of things, recalled the troops while on their line of march. The people on the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers were the first to take matters into their own hands—a body of men among whom were the leading men of that region; and under the command of Col. Washington—the grandfather of that George Washington who led our fathers to independence, and gave his name to all that is pre-eminently glorious among men—assailed and broke the Indian power in that direction, and the remnant of the tribes fled to the western frontiers, which were then not far beyond the falls of the rivers, where, uniting with other tribes of that region, they made their incursions upon the settlers. Their incursions were marked by all the atrocities of Indian warfare, and yet Governor Berkeley, from his palace at Jamestown, seemed calmly to look upon the scene without excitement or emotion. Could it be that the profits of the free trade produced that indifference and apathy? His previously high and elevated character would forbid the ascription, but for obvious discrepancies in his character and conduct at different stages of life. It is said that avarice, if it once possesses the mind, increases with our years, until it occupies us wholly. Fatal passion, which could have induced Sir William to complain of the smallness of his perquisites and salary when they were adequate and even large, and that, too, after the General Assembly had bestowed upon him Green Spring and three thousand acres of land, set apart for the Governors, in absolute right. Whatever it was that produced the lethargy with the Governor, the same cause did not operate on the inhabitants. I need not dwell on the incidents which shortly after transpired, and which has come down to us under the name of Bacon's Rebellion.

The population of the colony numbered forty-five thousand, and never was there a greater unanimity in any public movement. Suffice it to say, that the Royal Governor, while he exhibited a courage worthy of his station, had to seek shelter from the storm by fleeing across the bay; and in order to render his return to the government impracticable, the resolution was taken by Bacon and his victorious followers, to consign Jamestown to ashes. And in October, 1676, the torch was applied to its edifices. The raging element did not even spare the sacred edifice in which our forefathers daily offered up their prayers to the Most High. The altar before which Pocahontas had knelt when she received the rite of baptism, and at which she also plighted her faith in marriage—and at which good Master Hunt had officiated—all was consumed by the fire; and nothing was left standing but yon broken steeple, which has continued to be the land-mark of centuries, and the aged sentinel over the dust of departed generations. The town was afterwards partially rebuilt, and many of its houses remained during my early novitiate at William and Mary College. They stood in a connected street, running east and west, from near the present dwelling-house to the ruins of the church.

For two years Virginia was exempt from all foreign control. Assemblies were held at Williamsburg, which passed laws, levied war against the Indians, and conducted public affairs as if free from the rule of any power whatever. In anticipation of the arrival of troops from England to reinstate Sir William Berkeley, and to enforce the odious regulations to which I have adverted, after a debate which lasted until midnight, in which Bacon put forth all his powers of eloquence, the General Assembly adopted the resolution to oppose any forces sent out against the colony without a stipulation for a full hearing before the King and Parliament; and that resolution was sworn to by all the people. Under the lead of that truly great man, the colony had thus placed itself upon ground which, had he lived, would have required the whole disposable force of Great Britain to have shaken from under them. He had already quieted the border troubles by inflicting a terrible vengeance upon the Indians, which had spread the terror of his name among the most distant tribes; and having resolved not to lay down his arms until a full redress of grievances was obtained, he awaited with a firm resolve the arrival of the expected forces from England. Judging from his well authenticated career, we can entertain no doubt that he would have braved all dangers, sooner than have surrendered his position; and considering the disturbances which at the time existed in England, it may be well doubted whether the king could have sent over a force sufficient to have defeated him. There was one person in the colony, and that a woman, who had no fear of the king achieving any such victory, and prophesied for Virginia a glorious triumph over wrong and oppression. That woman was Sarah Drummond, who has deservedly taken her place on the page of romance. Her husband fell a victim to the inhuman policy of Sir William Berkeley, but she demanded justice at the hands of England; and she persevered until the Governor was compelled to pay a round sum for his illegal proceeding. Fate, however, decreed that the conflict between the mother and the daughter should not then occur. Nathaniel Bacon soon after ceased to live. He died, regretted by the colony, at the house of Mr. Pate, in Gloucester, and to avoid the desecration of his remains, his body was so secretly interred by "thoughtful Mr. Lawrence," that no man knows to this day his burial place. I have stood near the place where he breathed his last, and often visited Peterworth church,—now all in ruins, where the pious fraud was committed, the secret known only to Lawrence, of entombing a coffin filled with stones, attended by all the impressive ceremonies of the Episcopal church, in substitution for his body. With him the soul of the revolution passed away, and Sir William Berkeley, like a madman in his rage, resumed the chair of State.

Had Bacon lived a century later, he might have occupied the highest niche in the temple of fame. Liberally educated, possessed of high attainments, and being eloquent, forcible, and persuasive as a public speaker, he might have taken rank with the greatest men of the revolution. The thrilling tones of his eloquence would have been heard seconding the resolutions of Mr. Henry in 1765, and his sword would afterwards have been seen flashing over the battle-fields of the war for independence. Untrained to arms, he became almost by intuition a distinguished Captain, sweeping from before him all impediments in the way of his success. He annihilated the Indian power, and with one hundred and fifty men, expelled Governor Berkeley from Jamestown, although at the head of a large body of recruits. He wanted but a wider field for the display of abilities of a high and rare order. As it is, we recognize in him a devoted advocate of popular rights, and an inflexible opponent of wrong and oppression. He achieved the virtual independence of the colony for two years, and in view of the distracted state of England at the time, the belief may fairly be indulged, that he would have enforced upon Charles a full recognition of the rights of Virginia.

Sir William Berkeley constitutes in himself a study for the anatomist of character and the passions. To great refinement of manners, he added a cultivated taste for letters; and had acquired some eclat, by the production of a tragi-comedy, called "The Lost Lady." For many years of his long administration of public affairs, he won for prerogative by gentleness and urbanity of manners, what Charles lost by violence and obstinacy. His courtesy in the or-

inary intercourse of society was only equalled by his habitual deference, and respect for the General Assembly. The advocate of the divine right of kings, and he, the reflex of their image and authority, nevertheless courted the populace, and won, in a large degree, the attachment of the people to his person and government. A cavalier and a gentleman, he suffered no eclipse of the Royal sun to divert his affections from the Stuart dynasty. Whether the one perished on the scaffold or the other was a fugitive and exile, Sir William's gaze was still fixed on them, and all his political affinities centered in them. We cannot but admire his firm and unshaken devotion to the Stuarts, whatever our own opinions may be in regard to them. With a Governor so mild and bland in his manners, and apparently so little inclined to thwart the public will, by the exercise of his power, it is not to be wondered at that there should have been no serious manifestations of dislike to the rule of Charles I. Let it also be borne in mind, that his predecessor in office, because of his overbearing and tyrannical temper, which seemed never to be satisfied unless he had some great principle of popular liberty to destroy, or some extraordinary exaction to enforce, had finally stirred up the great mass to revolution, which was consummated by his expulsion from the colony. The contest between the two was striking, and that democratic mass which had been so upheaved by a deep sense of wrong under the one, was contented and at rest under the other. His active co-operation with the Assembly and Council in the defence of Jamestown against Cromwell's fleet was calculated still further to attach to Sir William the people of the colony, while his surrender of the supreme power after agreement upon terms between the Legislature and the Commissioners was both graceful and dignified. He retired to his handsome mansion at Green Spring, which still stands, some three miles from this, and deserves to be classed with the best houses of Virginia at this day.

Such was the character and conduct of Sir William Berkley, from his inauguration as Governor in 1642, to the surrender of the colony into the hands of the Commonwealth, in 1651. What trace of resemblance exists between this same man before the time of the Commonwealth and after? The restoration of Charles II. to the English throne was speedily followed by his restoration to the Governorship of Virginia. Doubtless he had brooded in silence over the passing events, and in view of the blood of Charles I. streaming from the scaffold, had cherished a gloomy and intolerant spirit. Perhaps he had also censured in his heart, on many occasions, the want of decision and firmness on the part of the King's advisers; thus he overlooked the happy fruits of mildness and forbearance which had distinguished his early career, and adopted in their place a high-handed and despotical temper. The high-toned cavalier descended from the lofty eminence of truth and candor, to low subterfuge, and the petty game of deception in his dealing with Bacon, to whom he granted a commission as General, and sanctioned his proceeding against the Indians, and so soon as he had withdrawn from Jamestown, proclaimed him a traitor along with all who had marched under his banner, the unfurling of which he himself had justified by his most solemn assent. His political vision was blinded to the fact, that an Indian war was the readiest mode which sound policy would have suggested, to divert the public mind from the invasion of their privileges by the acts of the Government, which had produced a feeling of angry excitement. It was sufficient cause that the movement had not originated with him, to induce him to condemn it as rebellious and treasonable. It was quite enough that the people should select a leader of their own, without consulting his wishes, to make him a rancorous and bitter enemy of that leader, and all who followed him. To gratify that enmity, he abrogated not only the chartered rights of the colonists, but subverted the laws of England by the establishment of martial law, and was not turned from his course until the General Assembly, sickened by the quantity of blood which he had shed, admonished him that he had waded far enough in blood; and my Lord Coke, the Chief Justice of England, pronounced his proceedings to be illegal. To glut his vengeance after that leader had fallen a victim to disease and death, he forgot so far the principles of humanity, as to assume the part of the hyena, and to burrow into the grave of the man who had triumphed over him, with the

view of disinterring his remains, and exposing them upon a gibbet. Fortunately for the cause of humanity and reason, he was baffled in his barbarous design; and yet to be avoided, and to die neglected by the sovereign whose family he had so long served, to be scoffed at as "an old fool," by King Charles himself, for the blood he had shed in Virginia, was to his proud and sensitive nature the worst of punishments—as was the death produced by it the worst of deaths—the death of the broken heart.

Time is not allowed me to do more than to glance at some few of the incidents which followed the death of Sir William Berkeley. The contest between prerogative and privilege, was often warmly waged between the people and their Governors; and on one occasion the storm raged fearfully. It was quieted, as on previous occasions, by the expulsion of the governor, and the triumph of principle. After the great revolution in England of 1688, the disturbances were short-lived and ephemeral. The government assumed a form of more stability, and the rights of the people came to be more thoroughly recognized. Although the charter to the London company had contained a provision for the trial by jury, yet there was the absence of any stipulation for the habeas corpus. The introduction of this great remedy against tyrannical misrule, should immortalize the name of Alexander Spotswood, who introduced it upon his installation as Governor. I do not go here into the question whether the settlers did not come here clothed in all the rights which appertained to Englishmen. Upon that point, I presume, there would be at this day no difference of opinion between the courts at Westminster Hall and those at Richmond. It is enough to say, that the writ of habeas corpus had never been resorted to, and was not recognized as existing by the authorities. Under the administration of Alexander Spotswood, the colony expanded in every direction. For the first time, in 1714, the Blue Ridge was crossed by his Knights of the Golden Hore-shoe, with their motto of *sic juvat transcendere montes*; and settlements were soon after made in the fertile and beautiful Valley of Virginia. He opened a mine of inexhaustible wealth to the Colony and State, by the establishment of extensive iron-works; and in many other respects, proved himself to be a wise and patriotic chief magistrate. The General Assembly now claimed and exercised all the privileges of an English Parliament; and peace and quiet prevailed throughout Virginia. I remember, when at college, to have seen his pew in the church at Williamsburg—to which city the government was removed in 1705, surmounted by a canopy with "Alexander Spotswood" emblazoned upon it in gilded letters. The spirit of innovation, some years ago, removed that memorial of the past.

I have said, that the civil wars in England, and the bitter contests between the Kings and Parliaments, had caused a broad stream of emigration to flow into the colony. The religious controversies of the times aided in swelling the stream, and from the time of the revolution of 1688, there seems to have existed a spirit of toleration, which admitted all without serious regard to their religious opinions. The disciples of Fox were permitted to settle in the colony, and the Presbyterians had several places of worship. At a still later day, the revocation of the edict of Nantz caused a new and valuable admixture of population, by the influx of numbers of Huguenots, who were sent over by William of Orange—to whom lands were assigned. Shortly after, other religious sects multiplied in the colony, and everything already pointed to that great act, which has immortalized the name of its author—the act establishing religious freedom. These then distant wilds held out to the oppressed of other climes homes of comparative quiet. Here they came for freedom to worship the Creator after the dictates of their own consciences; and here, amid primeval forests, they found it. The actual discrimination in favor of the church of England, consisted in an imposition upon all for its support—a discrimination which it had been far better for that church, if it had never been made, as it ultimately united all other sects against it, and produced, for a season, its almost entire prostration.

Before the close of Governor Spotswood's administration, Virginia had increased greatly in wealth, in power, and in population; and before the middle of the eighteenth century, began to perform an important part. I cannot

dwelt upon incidents with which all are familiar. The traveller, as he wends his way over the Cumberland road, lingers amid those mountain passes by the grave of the unfortunate Braddock—who, if he had listened to the youthful Virginia officer, would have avoided an inglorious defeat, and escaped an unfortunate death. The spirit of Virginia rose under that defeat, and shortly after, gallant men were arming to drive from Fort Pitt, and the frontiers, the combined forces of the French and Indians. Nor was there wanting to urge them on, the impassioned and eloquent language of one, whose teachings were those of the Divine Saviour of mankind, of "peace on earth, and good will to men." I have, in my possession, the gift of an esteemed friend, a sermon, remarkable for its force and eloquence, delivered before Captain Overton's company of Hanover volunteers, at their request, in August, 1755, more than an hundred years ago, by the Rev. Samuel Davies, an eminent Presbyterian minister, who officiated at Pole Green meeting-house—which is still a place of worship—and who became, at a later day, President of Princeton College. The sermon, apart from its intrinsic merits, which are considerable, is rendered forever remarkable by reason of a prophecy made by the preacher, and appended in a note: "I may point out to the public," said he, "that heroic youth, Colonel Washington, whom I cannot but hope Providence has hitherto preserved, in so signal a manner, for some important service to his country." How fully that prophecy was fulfilled let all subsequent history prove; let the thousands who annually visit Mount Vernon, on an almost holy pilgrimage—the devotion manifested to his memory by the lovers of freedom, all over the world—the unanimous verdict of mankind in favor of his disinterested patriotism—the wish everywhere so warmly expressed by our wives, and sisters, and daughters, to render sacred from intrusion the spot where his body is interred—let all, all, testify that the name of GEORGE WASHINGTON is rendered, while man and earth endures, immortal among men. The women of America would manifest their gratitude to his memory, by placing the urn containing his ashes in the custody and safe-keeping of his own beloved Virginia. And can there be a heart that does not respond to the sentiment, or a Virginia-born man who would not contribute his aid towards its accomplishment?

We have thus far traced the progress of this noble Commonwealth. I have studied no rhetorical art, and have attempted no figurative embellishment. A simple, unadorned narrative of prominent events in all that I have aspired to give. We deduce from them the spirit which animated our forefathers. We have seen with what unanimity all efforts to trample upon the rights of the colony were opposed. The large landholders and the small; the cavalier and the Commonwealth man, and, at an after day, the men who came over subsequent to the great Revolution which placed William of Orange on the throne, all, with few exceptions, are found uniting in support of the rights of the colony, and, upon occasion, expelling for violation of those rights the viceregerents of the sovereign. As early as 1624, when but a comparative handful had settled these broad acres, now occupied by millions, the right of exemption from taxation, except through their Grand Assemblies, was boldly asserted and was ever after maintained. Here too was adopted in advance of England herself, the principle of the great Petition of Right. No wonder then, that, when at an after day, the British government, blindly forgetful of our previous history, undertook to impose the stamp tax, the voice of an offended people, now grown strong and powerful, should have awakened the old echoes in the State house, and that the thunder of an indignant eloquence should have shaken "the Philip of the seas.*" no wonder that at a later day the attempt to impose taxes on imports should have stirred up the spirit of disturbance and revolt. Before other colonies had existence, Virginia had taken her position on that point; and when other communities had sprung up around her, most of whom were located within the limits of her original charter, she hailed them as allies in a common cause, and led the way in the contest. The thunder-tones of her Henry aroused such as slumbered to a knowledge of the great matters in issue; and her enlightened states-

* It is worthy of perpetual remembrance that the resolution adopted in 1765, is almost in words, certainly in substance, the same with that passed by the General Assembly in 1624.

men pointed out the way which led to success. Nearly two years before the great declaration was issued by Congress, she had armed against the acts of the last of her royal governors, who fled from her wrath and found shelter on board a man-of-war. Her call for a convention of the people was equivalent to an actual Declaration of Independence, and she was engaged in hostilities before that call was made. Dummore still hung upon her coast, prosecuting a war of pillage and plunder. He proclaimed emancipation to the negroes; and invited them to join his standard. They did so in large numbers; and humanity, at this day, weeps over their cruel sufferings. Many were sent to the West Indies, while others were sent to New York to be forwarded elsewhere. From an aged citizen of Staten Island,* I learned, a few years ago, that the marble mereantile palace of A. T. Stewart is built upon the burial place of 3,000 of those unfortunates.

If Virginia still spoke of loyalty to the crown, it was only until she could fully adjust her armor. No one who will consult the annals of that day, can doubt upon the subject. It was fitting that a colony so nurtured and reared, should be the first to lay down and announce the great principles of public and private right. It was fitting that she, the oldest of the crown, should have been the first to give to the world the example of a permanent written Constitution. It was fitting that she should have summoned her sisters to a Continental Congress. It was fitting that she should have issued in advance of others, her instructions to her delegates to move a declaration of independence, and that they should have obeyed her commands; and it was right and proper that her noble and ever glorious son should have conducted the armies of the confederacy to victory and to triumph. It was right that her Morgan should have led her invincible rifles at Saratoga, and that he should have thrown them like thunderbolts against Burgoyne's serried ranks; and that then and there should have broken forth for the first time the animating strains of Yankee Doodle, since become a National air. It was not only right that her ensign should have floated over every battle-field; but that her bugle notes should also have been heard in triumph at Yorktown. It was, and is full of glory, eternal as the mountains, that as the first impress of the Anglo Saxon was made on this beach, so the first impulse to independence was given at Williamsburg, and the last battle for liberty was fought at Yorktown. The voice of an indignant eloquence proceeding from THE OLD CAPITOL, and the shouts of an exulting army at Yorktown might have been heard by one ruminating here amid the tombs of the early settlers; and it was right that it should be so. Those settlers were the pioneers two hundred and fifty years ago of all that has followed. They perished, but out of their ashes has arisen an empire of almost boundless extent. Observe the grand procession as it moves on its way to reclaim a new world. There is no exodus of a people as in the case of the Israelites from Egypt. Each move is but the addition of a new link to the chain of empire. The sons have left the hearth-stones to find for themselves new homes; but fathers and mothers and kinsfolk are left behind, and constantly recurring memories keep the chain bright and free from rust. The wilderness is reclaimed, cultivated fields abound, and villages, towns, and cities mark the stages of its progress, and the procession moves on and on, as in the morning of its existence. As their descendants, and of those who followed them, we have a right to demand of all such as revile and abuse Virginia, from what great act or noble deed recorded in the history of America, has she withheld her name, or when did she give stintingly of her blood or treasure to the public good? Under the conduct of her gallant son, George Rogers Clarke, through her unaided means, she swept away from the Northwest the combined hosts of French, and Indians, thus vindicating her chartered rights, and rounding off an empire great as that of the Cæsars; and with a liberality which nothing but the motive which prompted it can excuse, she yielded it all to appease to the jealousy of her confederates, and to consolidate the Union. Did she withhold her aid in the building up, and giving form and substance to the political institutions under which we live, and which have become the admiration of the world? Go to the historian, and he will show you, upon his pages, the names of her eminent sons in connexion

* Mr. Isaac Bell.

with each great work. When those institutions have been assailed in any vital part, has she carelessly folded her arms chaunting praises to the Union, without repelling the assault or admonishing her confederates of the danger? Her course in 1798-'99, when the liberty of speech and the press were assailed, and through all time, demonstrates the reverse. And there she is still a sentinel on the watch tower to repel the sappers and miners who would overthrow the great constitutional charter of these States. Has she, by supporting a mistaken policy, retarded the growth of the confederacy, paralyzed its commerce, or abridged its powers? Let ocean answer to ocean, and while bearing upon their waters the largest commercial marine the world has ever known belonging to one people, let them testify to the happy fruits of the policy which was inaugurated by Washington, and enforced by Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe. Political demagogues may revile and abuse, but they cannot detract from the high and lofty fame which belongs to this time-honored Commonwealth, or disturb her in the continued advocacy of that course of policy, conservative and national as it is, which she has through all time pursued. Here amid the graves of our ancestors, we renew our pledges to those principles of self-government, which have been consecrated by their examples through two hundred and fifty years; and implore that Great Being who so often and signally preserved them through trials and difficulties, to continue to our country His protecting guardianship and care.

At the closing of the Oration, which was listened to throughout with uninterrupted and breathless attention, Mr. JAMES BARRON HOPE, of Hampton, Va., was introduced, and delivered the following

POEM.

I walk these ancient haunts with reverent tread
And seem to gaze upon the mighty dead;
Imagination calls a noble train
From dust and darkness back to life again.

[VIRGINIA: a Poem by J. R. THOMPSON.

Down the steep, misty crags of antique time
Leaps many a torrent in a surge sublime,
Pouring along its mystic flood, till pale
And dim, it bursts in some sequestered vale,
Some valley of the Past, lone and remote,
Where myths and legends fancifully float
In mists through which Tradition and Romance,
ASTARTE-twins, above the torrent glance;
Where splendid hues illumine each rugged fact
Which, rock-like bounds the rushing cataract;
Where purple shadow o'er each scene descends
And Poesie her soft enchantment lends;
Where vanished things—the very simplest—glow
With a strange beauty, which doth float and flow
Around them, in such rich and gorgeous dyes
As Autumn's sunset mingles in our skies.

Our hist'ry, Brothers, such grand torrent makes;
This spot, the valley where in spray it breaks,
Which, wreathed in columns or dispersed in dews,
Takes from the past its variegated hues.
And here we meet, this sacred day apart,
To muse in solemnness of mind and heart,
While over us, like banner, floats the mist
By fair Romance and bright tradition kist.

And, through these mists, what epic scenes arise!
 What storied pictures start before our eyes!
 What grand, historic forms, superb and vast,
 Loom through the vapors gathered o'er the past!
 While high above is seen God's awful hand
 Writing, my Brothers, slowly out, His grand,
 Sublime decree, which the great Genoese
 Transcribed of old upon the mighty seas—
 Transcribed with those three keels which long ago
 Fretted the billows into wakes of snow,
 While through sad days and nights devoid of sleep,
 He ploughed the bosom of the azure deep.

The keels which sailed upon that sultry morn—
 When priestly chant and deep sonorous horn
 Broke on the summer air; when, all agape,
 The speculative throng saw them escape
 Their moorings in the tranquil, sunny bay—
 Those *caravellas*—went upon God's way.
 And though ten thousand storms have swept the deep,
 And calms have lulled it in delusive sleep—
 Though, for long ages, it has tossed and yearned,
 As starlight shone, or crimson sunset burned—
 Still on the ocean—type though it may be
 Of all that's boundless, unsubdued and free—
 Remains the record to all time unfurled,
 How God gave man, the second time, a world.

One heaven-directed genius laid his hand
 Upon the hilt of Providence; the brand
 Required the force of the human race
 To draw it from its scabbard's resting place—
 Ages to wield it in the noble van
 Which gave this Western Hemisphere to man.
 Fain would I linger on that splendid age,
 To which he gave its brightest page;
 Fain sing his god-like majesty of mind,
 Which looked right onward—never glanced behind,
 While, 'neath his brow, lit with the glow of hope,
 It, toiling, cast the whole world's horoscope.
 Fain would I paint his griefs in those sad hours
 When all his hopes seemed like the last year's flowers;
 Fain follow him through all his dreary years
 Of pain and poverty and bitter tears;
 From convent porch to regal palace gate,
 Tracing his footsteps as he charged on Fate,
 Which built new ramparts in his path each day
 Until his brow was knit—his dark locks gray.

Fain would I pause at Palos, when the breeze
 His *caravellas* swept toward unknown seas;
 Fain follow where his daring vessels sped,
 Strange tides beneath—strange planets overhead;
 Fain would I dwell upon that happy day,
 When, on the new-found shore, he knelt to pray:
 That Easter-day, when, with the great seas' boom,
 Making the music of his mass, the tomb
 Gave up his dream, which, now in beauty rose,
 Like CHRIST awakened after His repose.
 Was this the thought! CHRIST's was the name he gave
 To that fair island smiling on the wave.

And the poor Indian! would I might narrate
 His piteous story and his tragie fate!
 A great mind tells us, that, on all earth's sods,
 Men erucify, and then adore, their gods;
 There 'twas reversed—in blood the land was dyed,
 And deities their vot'ries erucified.
 Had I the space, I well might pause to scan
 The varied fortunes of this wondrous man;
 Might follow through those ever sunny isles,
 Where Nature wears her very sweetest smiles;
 Deck'd in a crown of ever-blooming flowers,
 Of richer hues and sweeter still than ours;
 Where purple twilights tint the evening seas,
 And calm stars write their solemn mysteries
 In skies which seem to be the azure shield,
 Where God's own arms are blazon'd on the field—
 Where strand and ocean—earth and star-lit sky
 With one accord give "Atheos" the lie.

But to be brief: for images apace
 Crowd on my fancy, claiming each a place,
 As stars claim places in a tranquil night—
 So thick they come—but not, alas! so bright;
 In brief, then, Brothers, to my humble song
 I've made the prelude ample thus and long,
 As some musician, who distrusts his art,
 Will hum a bar before he takes his part.
 But not alone for this, have I delayed;
 For other purpose, too, my fingers strayed
 Along the harp strings, as 'twere in a dream
 My purpose was to weave into my theme
 These humble praises of the brain profound
 Which wrapped in slumber, all its era found;
 Yet woke the age from its long, fevered sleep—
 Roused by the voices of the mighty deep.

And though Spain's Admiral slumbered in the grave,
 He left a beacon blazing o'er the wave,
 And, as years sped, the light he left waxed great—
 The light he'd stricken from the flint of Fate—
 Rousing all Europe, as that flame antique
 Awoke to triumph the exultant Greek.

At last the visions, vast and undefined,
 Which long had gathered in the general mind,
 Marched forth in actions; and the age's crest
 Flickered with fires erkindled in the West,
 A splendid plume! which flamed and flared and flowed
 As, lance in rest, the era westward rode.

What dreams men dreamt beneath the general spell,
 What visions saw—I need not pause to tell.
 Nor how the tide of human fate was rolled
 Upon its course by love of fame or gold,
 Nor how that flood was stained in this fair clime
 By blood and tears—rapacity and crime.

I pause not now, to speak of RALEIGH's schemes,
 Tho' they might give a loftier bard fit themes;
 I pause not now, to tell of Oeracock,
 Where Saxon spray broke on the red-brown rock;

Nor of my native river, which glides down
 Through scenes where rose a happy Indian town;
 But, leaving these and Chesapeake's broad bay,
 Resume my story in the month of May,
 When England's cross—St. GEORGE'S ensign flowed
 Where ne'er before emblazoned banner glowed—
 When English hearts throbbed fast, as English eyes
 Looked o'er the waters with a glad surprise—
 Looked gladly out upon the varied scene,
 Where stretched the woods in all their pomp of green;
 Flinging great shadows—beautiful and vast,
 As e'er upon Arcadian lake were cast.
 Turn where they would—in what direction rove,
 They found some bay, or wild, romantic cove,
 On which they coasted through those forests dim,
 In which they heard the never ceasing hymn
 That swelled from all the tall, majestic pines—
 Fit choristers of Nature's sylvan shrines!
 For, though no Priest their solitudes had trod,
 The trees were vocal in their praise of God,
 Wailing grand passages and bars sublime,
 To which religion in their hearts beat time.

And then, when capes and jutting headlands past,
 The sails were furled against each idle mast,
 They saw the sunset in its pomp descend
 And sky and water gloriously contend
 In gorgeousness of colors, red and gold,
 And tints of amethyst together rolled,
 Making a scene of splendor and of rest
 As vanquished day lit camp-fires in the West.
 And when the light grew faint on wave and strand,
 New beauties woke in this enchanting land;
 For through Heav'n's lattice-work of crimson bars
 Like angels, looked the bright, eternal stars.
 And then, when gathered tints of purplish brown,
 A golden sickle, reaping darkness down,
 The new moon shone above the giant trees
 Which made low music in the evening breeze;
 The breeze which floating blandly from the shore,
 The perfumed breath of flow'ring jasmine bore;
 For smiling Spring had kist its elust'ring vines
 And breathed her fragrance on the lofty pines.

In those vast forests dwelt a race of kings,
 Free as the eagle when he spreads his wings—
 His wings which never in their wild flight lag—
 In mists which fly the fierce tornado's flag;
 Their flight the eagle's! and their name, alas!
 The eagle's shadow swooping o'er the grass,
 Or, as it fades, it well may seem to be
 The shade of tempest driven o'er the sea.

Fierce too, this race, as mountain torrent wild,
 With haughty hearts, where Mercy rarely smiled—
 All their traditions—histories imbued
 With tales of war and sanguinary feud,
 Yet though they never couched the knightly lance,
 The glowing songs of Europe's old romance
 Can find their parallels amid the race
 Which, on this spot, met England face to face.

And when they met the white man hand to hand,
 Twilight and sunrise stood upon the strand—
 Twilight and sunrise? Saxon sunshine gleams
 To-day o'er prairies, and those distant streams
 Which hurry onward through far Western plains,
 Where the last Indian, for a season, reigns.

Here, the red CANUTE, on this spot, sat down,
 His splendid forehead stormy with a frown,
 To quell, with the wild lightning of his glance
 The swift encroachment of the wave's advance;
 To meet and check the ruthless tide which rose,
 Crest after crest of energetic foes,
 While high and strong poured on each cruel wave,
 Until they left his royalty—a grave;
 But, o'er this wild, tumultuous deluge glows
 A vision fair as heaven to Saint e'er shows;
 A dove of mercy o'er the billows dark
 Fluttered awhile, then fled within God's ark.
 Had I the power, I'd reverently describe
 That peerless maid—the “pearl of all her tribe,”
 As evening fair, when coming night and day
 Contend together which shall wield its sway.
 But, here, abashed, my paltry fancy stays;
 For her, too humble it most stately lays.
 A shade of twilight's softest, sweetest gloom—
 The dusk of morning—found a splendid tomb
 In England's glare; so strange, so vast, so bright,
 The dusk of morning burst into light,
 Which falleth through the Past's cathedral aisles,
 Till sculptured Mercy like a seraph smiles.
 And though Fame's grand and consecrated fane
 No kingly statue may, in time, retain,
 Her name shall linger, nor with age grow faint;
 Its simplest sound—the image of a Saint!

Sad is the story of that maiden's race,
 Long driven from each legendary place.
 All their expansive hunting-grounds are now
 Torn by the iron of the Saxon's plough,
 Which turns up skulls and arrow-heads and bones—
 Their places nameless and unmarked by stones.
 Now freighted vessels toil along the view,
 Where once was seen the Indians' bark canoe;
 And to the woods the shrill escaping steam
 Proclaims our triumph in discordant scream.
 Where rose the wigwam in its sylvan shade,
 Where the bold hunter in his freedom strayed,
 And met his foe or chased the bounding stag,
 The lazy horses at the harrow lag.
 Where the rude dance was held or war-song rose,
 The scene is one of plenty and repose.
 The quiver of her race is empty now,
 Its bow lies broken underneath the plough;
 And where the wheat-fields ripple in the gale,
 The vanished hunter scarcely leaves a trail.

'Twas where yon river musically flows,
 The European'somenclature rose;
 A keen-edged axe, which since, alas! has swept
 Away their names—those boughs, which blossoms kept,

Leaving so few, that when their story's drowned,
 'Twill sink, alas! with no fair garland crowned.
 What strange vicissitudes and perils fell
 On the first settlers, 'tis not mine to tell;
 I scarce may pause to syllable the name
 Which the great captain left behind to fame;
 A name which echoes through the tented past
 Like sound of charge rung in a bugle's blast.
 His age, although it still put faith in stars,
 No longer glanced through feudal helmet's bars,
 But stood in its half armor; thus stands he
 An image half of Border chivalry,
 And half presented to our eager eyes,
 The brilliant symbol of brave enterprise.
 A knightly blade, without one spot of rust,
 Undimmed by time and undefaced by dust,
 His name hangs up in that past age's hall,
 Where many hang, the brightest of them all.

And here at last, there rose the rambling town,
 A smile contending with the forest's frown,
 And busy sounds were borne upon the breeze,
 The swarming hum of England's settling bees.
 Would I might linger on those ancient times,
 Whose stories swell with yet unwritten rhymes;
 Would I might paint the dames and cavaliers,
 Whose stately forms glide down the vanished years,
 Where faintly, through the dusky purple shade,
 Gleam jewelled hilt and golden wrought brocade;
 Whence, with a sweet and necromatic spell
 Music and laughter, song and perfume swell.
 Would I might pause 'neath yonder tower, which now
 No longer bears response or fervid vow;
 Which only echoes to the plaintive hymn
 Made by the night wind, when the stars are dim.
 Where prayers for kings and Parliaments arose,
 Waves the wild vine and nodding cowslip blows.
 There Solitude—that grave and solemn priest—
 For meditation spreads its sacred feast;
 And standing grey in sunshine and in blast,
 It seemed embodied "Amen" o'er the past;
 An "Amen" o'er the buried past, which I,
 A ghostly shade have dimly seen flit by.*

How England's arts and institutions rose,—
 Themselves her misdirected rule's worst foes,—
 Was his to tell, whose eloquence, of old
 Hath borne rapt senates on its tide of gold;
 Whose name a calm and stately radiance throws
 Upon our history, like the sun's repose;
 Where, sinking slowly in a flood of light,
 Serene as he is wonderfully bright!
 The shut past, like that hardy plant which clings
 Upon the cliffs, o'er which sweep condor's wings,
 Has all its leaves unclosed beneath the spray,
 Flung from his limpid eloquence to-day.

* * * * *

*The modern Dyasclust will find a most interesting history of this venerable ruin in the "Church Review," (Vol VIII., No. I.) from the pen of that accomplished and zealous antiquary, the Rev. John Collins McCabe, Rector of the "Ascension," Baltimore.

One other name; but no! my song is done:
 As well might Persian, who adores the sun,
 Think that, by hymns or solemn-chaunted lays,
 He gave new splendor to his bright god's rays,
 As I aspire, in any song of mine,
 To make that name in greater lustre shine.
 Its fittest place is on Virginia's brow,
 As, kneeling down, to God she sends her vow—
 That, as her great son left her, she will be;
 And live on proudly—free amid the free;
 Or, finding that she may not thus remain,
 Like Samson, grasp the pillars of the fane,
 And leave all wreck, where erst in pride it rose,
 Tomb for herself in common with her foes.

GOVERNOR WISE, who was on the stand, in response to numerous and enthusiastic calls from the audience, thus addressed it:

My Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

I can add nothing to what has been said. I am not prepared with a speech, and there is no apology for one after what we have heard. Your story has been well "said" and well "sung." Your State can still boast, as this day proves, that she has yet left to her a sage (MR. TYLER) and a poet (MR. HOPE.) I have heard it said to men: "Shake off the dust from thy feet, for the ground on which you stand is holy;" and this place is sacred, but I say to you that we will *not* shake its dust off *our feet*, for the place whereon we stand is our *Home-dust*. We will cling to this soil, and this soil to us, forever!

Our State, I believe is the only State which has had her *three* capitals. Here is the spot where *was* her *first*, and her's was the *first* of all the States. Here the Old World first met the New. Here the White man first met the Red, for settlement and colonization. Here the White man first wielded the axe to *cut the first tree*, for the *first log cabin*! Here the first log cabin was built for the *first village*! Here the *first village* rose to be the *first State capital*! Here was the first capital of our empire of States—here was the very foundation of a nation of freemen which has stretched its dominion and its millions across the continent to the shores of another ocean! Go to the Pacific, now, to measure this progression and power of a great people!!

Virginians! the *Fountain-head* of this mighty river of Life and Liberty is *ours*—ours to keep, ours to guard. And like "the blue-eyed boy," at the Fountain of old, I think I see the winged white horse in the heavens fast descending here again; and if we will but wait, and watch, and be worthy, and be bold to be free, we *have the bridle of magic reins and golden bit in our own hands*, and we may mount the Pegasus to slay every Hydra and Gorgon dire, which threaten our peace or our fate! * * * * *

But the *civil* celebration of this day is ended; the military are waiting for me, and the drum-beat calls me to the Review. I cannot longer detain you, for you must not forget that I am Commander-in-chief of your army, and we must now go to the battle-field!

By previous arrangement, the military who took part in the ceremonies were reviewed by Gov. WISE, after the exercises at the stand had concluded. It was a grand and imposing display, and reflected great credit upon the companies that were engaged in it. The following named companies appeared in the line:

1st Regiment Virginia Volunteers, commanded by Lt. Col. R. M. Cary.
 Fayette Artillery, Capt. Clopton.
 Richmond Greys, Lieut. Bossien.
 Young Guards, Capt. Richardson.
 Montgomery Guards, Capt. Moore.

National Guards, Capt. Bayly.
 Virginia Rifles, Capt. Lybrock.
 Petersburg Artillery, Capt. Nichols.
 Norfolk Junior Volunteers, Capt. Robinson.
 Portsmouth Regiment, commanded by Col. D. S. Walton.
 Portsmouth Rifles, Capt. Richardson.
 National Greys, Capt. Dean.
 Marion Rifles, Capt. Hodges.
 Dismal Swamp Rangers, Capt. Choate.
 Webster Cadets, Capt. Philips.
 Old Dominion Guards, Capt. Karns.

To the above two Regiments were attached several fine bands of music, whose performance on the occasion elicited the admiration of all.

At 5 o'clock, P. M. the Society returned to the Powhatan, and set down to an elegant and sumptuous dinner provided for the occasion. The late hour to which the exercises on the island had been protracted, deprived the Society of the company of Ex-President and Mrs. TYLER and their party, who were obliged to return in the Richmond boat. For the same reason, Governor WISE, and other invited guests, were unable to participate in the closing scenes of the celebration.

The following regular toasts were drunk :

1. *The Settlement of Jamestown*—Hallowed by the privations and sufferings of the first settlers, and sanctified by recollections most deeply cherished, its name emblazons the brightest page of our colonial history, and opens the most glorious chapter in the history of man.

2. *John Smith*—The founder of the first permanent settlement in North America; the pioneer of civilization; a Christian Knight; a true Hero; a devoted Patriot; and a wise Ruler. Virginia will ever honor his memory.

3. *Pocahontas*—The forest Queen of America, who stayed the up-lifted war-club, and saved Smith and his brave companions from savage butchery. Virginia will ever cherish her memory with filial fondness and veneration.

4. The memory of Washington. (Drunk standing.)

5. The Constitution of the United States.

6. The President of the United States.

The following letter from the President of the United States was read :

WASHINGTON, 11th May, 1857.

My Dear Sir :

I have had the honor, on yesterday, to receive, by Dr. Blake, a copy of the Resolutions of the Jamestown Society of Washington, inviting me "to be present as the guest of the Society at the approaching Anniversary Celebration of the Settlement at Jamestown."

I regret that pressing and important engagements will deprive me of the pleasure and the privilege of being with you on that deeply interesting occasion. Please to accept the will for the deed, and with many thanks, believe me to be,

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES BUCHANAN.

7. The State of Virginia.

8. EX-PRESIDENT TYLER—His eloquent, comprehensive, and instructive Oration, pronounced on this day, does justice to a noble theme, and entitles him to the lasting gratitude of friends, wherever found, of the great cause of liberty, civilization, and progress.

9. HENRY A. WISE, Governor of Virginia.

The following letter from Governor Wise was read :

WASHINGTON CITY, *April 20th, 1857.*

Dear Sir: I beg you to present my acknowledgments to the Jamestown Society of Washington City, for their invitation to attend their Celebration on the 13th May next. I should be most happy to participate in the ceremonies intended to revive and perpetuate the memories of our early history; but I doubt whether I shall be able to attend, owing to the state of the health of both Mrs. Wise and myself. I cannot venture to touch upon my estimate of the event you propose to commemorate. Virginia, the American Revolution, the United States of North America, arose from its foundation, and whether one brick remaineth upon another at Jamestown or not, the place can never be forgotten; and though the James River shall wash away the site into its waters, the monuments of history, the moral and mental beacons shall be preserved for the honor of our beloved Commonwealth and her heroic fathers and founders. I have the most lively interest in the Society which would save from the ravages of Time the testimonials of the Past, to reanimate the present and secure the future of Virginia. To all this sacred theme full justice will be done by your honored and illustrious orator, Ex-President TYLER. He is one of the proudest personages left, linking us to the Fathers, and I can well say: "Hear ye him."

To you, individually, sir, I am grateful for the manner in which you have expressed the invitation of the Society, and far more for being a most worthy example of a true son of the Commonwealth of Virginia. Be pleased to accept my kindest regards, and believe me,

Yours truly,

HENRY A. WISE.

To PHILIP R. FENDALL, Esq., *President, &c., &c.*

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By B. O. Tayloe—James Barron Hope, the Poet of the Day—his beautiful and historic ode proves that poetry is not always fiction, and that the pains of memory may be removed by the "pleasures of hope."

By Geo. T. Whittington—The memory of Thomas Ritchie, the first President of the Society.

By J. Carroll Brent—The President of our Society, (P. R. Fendall,)—his patriotism and zeal evinced on the present occasion, deserve the warmest gratitude of all Virginians.

Mr. Fendall addressed the company at some length. He then proposed a sentiment in honor of George W. P. Custis, to which the "old man eloquent" replied in his usual happy style.

By F. McNerhany—Gov. Henry A. Wise, of Virginia—a gallant son of the Old Dominion; a noble champion of Constitutional liberty; a watchful guardian of Southern rights; and a sleepless sentinel on the ramparts of the Union.

By G. W. P. Custis—The Virginia Female—our mother, sister, wife, and sweetheart, exemplary in all the duties of domestic life, ornamental in all that relates to society. (This toast was enthusiastically received.)

By Col. W. F. Phillips—The Constitution of the United States and the Old Dominion—their symbols may be recognized in the rescue of Capt. John Smith by Pocahontas. When the safety of the one has been perilled by the death-club of Fanaticism, the arms of the other have ever been uplifted to ward off the impending blow.

By James Nokes—Our Vice President of the Day—Jno. T. Towers—a *Tower* of strength.

Mr. Towers replied in a few remarks.

By H. M. Morfit—Virginia, the resting place of our ancestors, and the home of our birth—may her sons cherish a happy remembrance of her history, and manifest a brotherhood among themselves wherever they meet.

By C. W. C. Dunnington—Nathaniel Bacon and Thomas Jefferson—what the first originated in his rebellion, the latter perfected in his Declaration of Independence.

By B. O. Tayloe—Old Virginia—like old Madeira, loses nothing by age.

By D. H. Wood—May we ever cherish with a holy reverence the influence of woman. Isabella pledged her jewels to send Columbus on his voyage of discovery; Pocahontas saved the life of Smith from the tomahawk of Powhatan, and Mary gave to the United States our beloved Washington.

Sent by a Lady who attended the Celebration—A daughter of Massachusetts—the time honored and patriotic State which annually assembles her children around the ice-bound base of Plymouth Rock, and there teaches them to worship at a country's shrine, would here tender in the presence of this honored company her gratitude for the privilege of assembling with them around the altar where Freedom and a Nation first sprang to light.

Sent by Miss M****—To the memory of Pocahontas, a moral heroine in the cause of the earliest settlers of Virginia, and the first convert from the Indian tribes to civilization and christianity.

By Geo. T. Whittington—The Union—It may be scathed by the lightning and rocked to its foundation by the storm cloud of political passion, but true patriotism may never despair of its perpetuity.

By Wm. Y. Fendall—The Press—It has vindicated and borne the name and fame of our Republic, wherever the light of civilization has penetrated. Let it ever be honored as a safeguard of liberty!!! *applause.*

By D. H. Wood—James Barron Hope, the Poet of the Day—He has invested the realities of history with the poetry of Romance, and entwined a wreath of beauty around the memories of Jamestown.

By John Thompson—The North-Western States—They owe their existence to the disinterested munificence of Virginia. Is it disinterestedness that allows them to become enriched and strengthened upon the public treasure, while she is taxed and crippled?

By H. M. Morfit—The landing of the cavaliers in the New World—The Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States; the three great events that have given most freedom, prosperity, and happiness to the family of mankind.

By W. L. Broun—The ladies of Virginia—While their faults are as small as their bonnets, their virtues even exceed the dimensions of their skirts.

By Jno. T. Chancey—the Constitution of the United States—So long as it shall remain unprofaned, there will be no danger to the Union.

By J. D. Wood—The Orator of the Day—The accomplished orator and statesman—long may he live an ornament to Virginia and to the country.

By Virgil D. Parris, of Maine—Virginia—The star which in the darkest hour of the Revolution made surrounding "darkness visible," and guided our country to its political redemption.

By Jas. W. Atkinson—The 1st Regiment Virginia Volunteers, and their gallant commander, Col. Cary—Their soldier-like bearing evinces a high degree of military skill, and proves that they are fully able to maintain the glorious motto of the Old Dominion, "*Sic Semper Tyrannis.*"

By C. W. C. Dunnington—Wm. Allen—The proprietor of the site of Jamestown—May the Pilgrims of 1957 meet with as hospitable a reception as we have.

By Fendall Marbury—The District of Columbia—The political centre of the Republic.

By J. D. Smallwood—The true-hearted Virginia gentleman of the olden time, unacquainted with trade and trick—the chevalier Bayard—*sans peur et sans reproche.*

By J. Carroll Brent—The North and the South—The presence of one of Maine's distinguished sons on this occasion, proves that the Union is yet dear in the hearts of their citizens.

This toast was responded to by Virgil D Parris, Esq., of Maine, who said that when the time arrived, Maine would be found side by side with Virginia, in upholding the interests of the Union, and putting down fanaticism.

By Col. McNair—Francis McNerhany, Navy Agent—The stores and supplies of our Navy are safe in his keeping. (Mr. McNerhany responded in a few remarks.)

By C. A. Dunnington—Pocahontas—A forest Rose, diffusing the sweet odor of rarest virtues, and ever fragrant in the memory of Virginia.

By Thos. J. Galt—The Orator of the Day—A name high on the scroll of our country's fame; a statesman in whom we recognize the virtue of the Roman, and the classic eloquence of the Greeks. One whom the "Old Dominion" is proud to call her son.

By James Grigg—Virginia—By the wisdom of her statesmen, and the valor of her patriots let her be judged, for her sons in the council and the field, gave to the country their best services, in constituting the fairest fabric of Republican government on earth.

By J. M. Jammeson—The Medical fraternity—While we honor the memories of those who banished political evils, let us not forget those who cure our physical evils. (This toast was responded to by Dr. Noble Young.)

By George T. Whittington—Virginians in the great West—We are glad to have a Pilgrim with us, from the young State of Iowa, to his native soil. (Responded to by Col. Harbor, of Iowa.)

By Wm. Towers—The ancient Borough of Norfolk—Right glad are we to have a native representative among us. (Responded to by H. M. Morfitt.)

By John T. Towers—Virginia and Maryland, sister States—May the purity associated with their names ever be the characteristics of their motives and actions.

By Dr. Grymes—Virginia and Virginians, all the world over—"distinct as the billows, yet one as the sea."

NOTE.—In 1854, the Jamestown Society was organized by the adoption of a constitution, and the election of Thomas Ritchie, President; A Henderson, Vice President; John W. Maury Treasurer; C. W. C. Dunnington, Recording Secretary; Rev. T. B. Balch, Corresponding Secretary; Wm. M. Overton, E. A. Cabell, Wm. Towers, Thos. J. Massie, and Thos. Lumpkin, Executive Committee.

In the first published address of the Society they declared that, "The Jamestown Society of Washington had taken the initiative only because no movement was made in any other quarter. Virginia ought to be the seat of the principal society; and all other associations, having for their object the celebration of the settlement of Jamestown, ought to be auxiliary to it, whether in towns or States. And this Society most earnestly recommends such a course, disclaiming all intention to make the Association of Washington the central one, under the conviction that the head should be at the capital of Virginia."

The 13th of May, 1854, was celebrated by an oration delivered by Rev. Thos. B. Balch, and a banquet in the city of Washington.

April 21st, 1855, Philip R. Fendall was elected President of the Society in place of Thomas Ritchie, deceased.

The 13th May, 1855, was celebrated by an oration delivered at Mount Vernon, by G. W. P. Custis, concluding with a dinner at the White House.

The 13th May, 1856, was celebrated by a banquet in the city of Washington.

ANCIENT EPITAPHS.

The tomb stones, grey and worn with time, many broken and dissolving into earth, present a rare and interesting reminiscence of former days. Old Mortality-like, we have deciphered with the greatest difficulty the epitaphs upon several of the oldest stones, which without further introduction we commit to type:

I. "Under this stone lies buried the body of Mrs. Hannah Ludwell, relict of the Honorable Philip Ludwell, Esq., by whom he had one son and two daughters; after a most exemplary life, spent in cheerful innocence, and the constant exercise of piety, charity, and hospitality. She patiently submitted to death on the 4th day of April 1731, in the 42nd yr of her age."

Near by lies the Hon Philip Ludwell, who died 11th Jan, 1720, in the 54th year of his age—for sometime auditor of his majesty's revenue.

II. "Here lyeth inter'd the body of Ursula Beverly late wife of Robert Beverly, and daughter of ye very hon Coll Wm Byrd, who departed this life 11th day of Octr 1798, being much lamented of all who know her, aged 16 yrs & 2 daies."

III. "*Memoriae serian.* Here lyes in hope of a blessed resurrection ye bodye of Mrs. Sara Blair, wife of Mr. James Blair, Commissary of Virginia, and administer of this parish, most beloved daughter of Benj. & Mrs Hannah Harrison, of Surry—born Aug. 14 1640. Married——. Died May VI, 1713, exceedingly beloved and lamented.

IV. "H. S. E. Vir reverendus et honorabilis Jacobus Blair A. M.—Natus* * si. nutritus * * deinde Virginian * * terram amos LVIII * * Mar. praesi dis principium conciliari * * presidis coloniae praefecti munia sustinuit ornavit * * oris venusti decus——ate hi lari sine luxu; hospitali, munificentissimo egenis largo omnibus comi. Superavit collegis * * dixeram fundaverat vivus. Bibliothecam suam * * olendum theologiae studiosum * * utem pauperiorem instituendam. Testimento legavit cal. marii an. dom. MDCCXLIII. Aetat LXXVIII. desideratissimi schis landem nepotibus commendabunt marmore perenniora.

Near by this is interred the body of the "wife of Wm. Edwards city gent." The tombs of Rev. John Crouch, minister at Jamestown in 1665, several of the well known Travis family of 1660—1720, John Champion, an old pioneer of 1670—1700, and others, lie in the vicinity.

The reader will be peculiarly struck with the following, from an old moss-grown slab, lying by itself, in a dreary, weedy old corner:

V. "Here lyeth Wm. Sherwood, who was born in the parish of Whitechapel, near London—a great sinner waiting for a joyful resurrection."

There is an old proverb that men's good deeds are written in marble, their bad ones in water. The above is an exception to the general rule.—*Petersburg Express.*

"At St. Paul's, Bedford, *Patience*, wife of Shadrach Johnson, the mother of 21 children, and died in childbed, June 6, 1717, aged 38 years.

Shadrach! Shadrach!
The Lord granted unto thee
Patience,
Who labored long and patiently
In her vocation,
But her *patience* being exhausted,
She departed in the midst of her labor,
Aetat 38.

May she rest from her labors."

"At Witchingham, ob 1650, Thomas Alleyne and his two wives.

"Death here advantage hath of life, I spye,
One husband with two wives at once may lye."

"At Michael Church, Herts—
John Prosser is my name, and England is my nation,
Bow Church is my dwelling place, and Christ is my salvation.
Now I am dead and in my grave, and all my bones are rotten,
As you pass by remember me, when I am quite forgotten."

At Nettlebed, Oxfordshire, is an epitaph:

Here lies Father and Mother, and Sister and I,
Wee all died within the short space of one short year.
They be all Buried at Wimble except I.
And I be buried here.

On MERIDETH, an organist at St. Mary Wilton College, Oxford.

Here lies one blown out of breath,
Who lived a merry life, and died a Merideth.

EPITAPH

*On Jonathan Lid, who was killed October 15, 1776, near the
White Plains, on the Bronx River, N. Y.*

Amidst the clash of arms I came

Here, from Holmes' Hole—

On this rude spot, unknown to fame,

Time fixed my mortal goal.

'Twas here we met the foe, and I,

Unluckily, was shot—

Reeling, I heard my comrades cry,

“Dear me! *Lid's* gone to *Pot!*”



